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Burlington, Oct. 14, 1862.

Dear Wife:

Though the simple particulars of my jaunt can possess very little interest to you or the children, I will continue to narrate them, as helps to my memory on my return home.

Yesterday forenoon we occupied in ascending and descending a mountain in Braintree, about three miles from the residence of our friend Hutchinson, he and his wife, and a young lady from Canada, going with us. It gave us some new views, on a magnificent scale, and we were well repaid for our labors. Near the base of the mountain, we passed through an extended grove of maple trees, the largest and finest I have yet seen in the State, from which a large quantity of maple sugar is annually made.

After dinner, we took a final leave of the Hutchinsons, who had for so many days kindly extended to us their hospitality, and rode to West Randolph, in a drenching rain, to take the cars for this place, where we arrived at 7 o'clock in the evening. The rain continued nearly the whole distance, and the weather was cold and cheerless. We went to the American House, got our supper, and, being very weary, concluded we would retire early to get needed rest; but, just as we were proceeding to put our purpose in execution, Mr. Lawrence Goodhue Bigelow (whom I apprised by letter that I would be in Burlington that evening) came to our chamber, apologizing for not meeting us at the depot, as he was five minutes too late, and inviting us both to go to his residence - saying he should be happy to proffer his hospitality while we remained in the place, hoped we should be in no hurry to leave, and suggested at once various excursions on the

Lake and in the neighborhood; nay, offering to go with us to North Elba to see John Brown's grave, driving us in his carriage - &c. As we had booked ourselves for the night at the hotel, we told him that we would go to his house in the morning, after breakfast. He is a retired lumber merchant, and has a fine residence beautifully located in sight of the Lake. Accompanying him to our room at the hotel was a venerable looking man, named Sawyer, formerly a teacher in the College in this place, and a lawyer by profession; a great talker, full of wit and satire, and cherishing views of the war and its management under McClellan, Halleck, Me Dowell and Buell, and also of the satanic "Democracy," in entire accordance with my own. Our interview did not break up until some time after 10. A good night's rest followed, though I was still suffering from my hoarseness. This morning, it gave promise of being a fine day, and, having eaten our breakfast, we proceeded to Mr. Bigelow's handsome residence, where we are now comfortably situated. In my letter to him, written at Peacham, I had authorized him, if he thought best, to get up a meeting for me this very Tuesday evening; and, having almost lost my voice, I was very nervous lest he had done so. But, fortunately, no arrangements for a lecture had been made, and I felt almost as happy as an emancipated slave.

At 10 o'clock, he, and his daughter and niece, went with us in the steamer America up Lake Champlain some forty miles to Port Henry, where are extensive iron furnaces to smelt the iron ore which is obtained in that vicinity in immense quantities. We remained there about an hour, and then returned in the steamer Canada, arriving at Burlington at 5 o'clock, P. M. The excursion, up and down, was the most interesting one I ever made, throwing the Hudson river entirely into the shade, on the score of the

grandeur, beauty and magnitude of the views, on both sides of the Lake. We could see, on one side, the vast range of Green Mountains which divide Vermont east and west, — including the Mansfield and Camel's Hump Mountains, the two highest in the State. On the opposite side, loomed up before us the Adirondack Mountains, in all their awful grandeur, where, at North Elba,

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

For the most part, the sky was somewhat overcast, though not to hide the view at any time; but on our return, when our boat was in a position directly opposite, in an air line, (though some twenty-five miles off,) where the noble dead was buried, the sun burst out effulgently, as he was near his setting, and covered the mountains with a ~~veil~~ of glory, which I have never seen equalled, setting the clouds on fire, and enrapturing the eyes of all the passengers. It was a remarkable coincidence, and in superstitious times would have been deemed a miraculous display and interposition.

Lake Champlain is the widest directly opposite Burlington, about nine miles. The shore is very irregular, but fertile, and extremely beautiful as far as we went. You and the children would have enjoyed the trip beyond anything you ever saw.

To-morrow, should the weather prove favorable, Mr. Bigelow is to drive us in his carriage to several interesting places in the vicinity. We may leave here Wednesday morning, or may remain till Thursday. Montreal we shall not visit; but we may conclude to visit Lake George, in case the steamers still run, in which case I shall not get home till next week. Otherwise, I shall try to be with you Saturday evening. I shall hope to hear from some one of you before I leave this place.

Should we not go to Lake George, we shall in all probability, on our way back, stop at the Powells at Ghent, at least for one night—as I expect to return by the way of Troy, Springfield and Worcester.

I am feeling very well, but my hoarseness is a great annoyance to me in the matter of conversation, and will probably continue till I get home, when I can better attend to it.

Burlington is all, in point of situation, that it was described to me. It lies on the Lake very much as Newburyport does on the Merrimack, and has no peer in New England, in the sublimity and beauty of its surroundings. Even 14, Dix Place, cannot compare with it, except on the score of its inhabitants! We are very fortunate in finding so kind and hospitable a friend in Mr. Bigelow. He has five children to match our own—three sons and two daughters, two of the former being attached to the army of the Potomac, though the youngest is now here for more recruits.

Wherever we travel, we see soldiers hurrying to the seat of war, or to their several encampments. Poor fellows, how many of them are doomed never again to see their beloved State, or 'home, sweet home!'

In all my journeyings, I carry you and the children in my heart of hearts, and regret that we cannot be all bodily together every step of the way. Glad as you and they may be to see me, my own joy on getting home will be equal, in kind and degree.

Give my kindest regards to Charlotte Coffin, Lady Alis, and all inquiring friends; and accept, for yourself, the heart's purest and warmest loves of
Your husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.